

FLOOD NEWS.

THE DISPATCH will continue to publish all the details of the Johnstown Disaster, which is furnished by a large staff of competent correspondents located at the scene.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

3,000 COFFINS

Needed at Once at the Ruins of Johnstown, in Addition to

TWO THOUSAND USED

As the Waters Recede From What Was the Iron City of the Mountains,

THE EXTENT OF THE WOE

Becomes More Apparent, and the First Reports Dwindle Into Insignificance.

TEN THOUSAND MISSING.

Thieves and Ghouls Follow Flood and Flames, and Make Necessary

A CALL FOR ARMED GUARDS.

Four of These Worse Than Devils Driven Into the River and Two Others Strung Up by an Angry Mob—The Armed Guard Doubled and a Beginning Made to Evolve Order Out of Chaos—President Moxham Takes the Reins of Government and Commends on All Necessary Orders Appointed—The Work of Clearing Away the Debris and Preventing the Spread of Fire—Some of the Sad Scenes Graphically Described.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.] JOHNSTOWN, June 2.—Some provision in nature has so made it that man's feeling and sympathy and comprehension of certain events goes just so far, and beyond that line—lies madness.

For this reason the full extent of the Johnstown holocaust will never be realized in this life. The calamity was so great, the event so frightful, and the result so unparalleled, that a cold feeling of numbness results from a mere contemplation of such a scene, ere a thousandth part of its full magnitude is realized.

Human Weakness at Such Times. My hand is as weak as a baby's, and my pen as impotent as an infant's hand in staying an ocean's madness, at the thought of describing or trying to convey to the reader's mind one iota of the horror, one atom of the destruction, or one particle of the fear and woe and anguish suffered by the thousands living and felt by the thousands dead.

It is not the tale that is told, that is so eloquent then, but rather that which is left unsaid. It is not the exposed that is the greatest and deepest, but the hidden that no man's eye can see, and no human tongue can tell.

Swept Away in an Hour.

Johnstown is no more. That peaceful city of 25,000 happy, prosperous people has been swept away in an hour, and leaving what? The wildest flight of the imagination, the boldest utterance, could not approach the truth, or even attempt to depict the scene that followed. Just imagine, nestling snugly between the hills and hugging two rivers in fancied peace and security in one moment and the very next overwhelmed in a roar of waters, with an advancing breast 40 feet high that buried huge blocks and houses about as if they were toys, and ground an entire city into a mere mass of lumber and iron and stone and brick. Then the people; alas, the poor people.

Anxiety to Hear Even the Worst.

Every train that hurried out of this city and toward the east carried hundreds of fearful relatives who were anxious to hear the worst, though as yet not one of them realized what was coming. At Nineveh a stop was made, and the anxious question, "Why?" ran around. The conductor hoarsely announced that a hundred dead bodies awaited identification, and that "perhaps—perhaps some of you know them." Silently we gazed at the first frightful evidence of this epoch of accidents, this apex of horrors; and it was pitiful how they lay, side by side, children first, then the youngsters and then the elders, all with faces of such deadly eloquence, that a portent, a dim idea of what was to follow, hurried the blanched crowd to the train, and on toward the fountain head of ruined, dismantled Johnstown.

The Scene at Sang Hollow.

At Sang Hollow, four miles from the city and a place already historical, the rail had been torn and twisted like threads in the awful avalanche. Then the rushing, swollen river to the left bore on its sullen bosom, and on either bank, some traces of the fearful night's work, some idea of what was yet to come. Clothing, torn to shreds, swung from trees, broken bits of houses and of furniture swept unnoted, or caught and swirled in treacherous eddies, but all unnoticed. On! On! A thrill of horror ran through all for a

moment, then the crowd parted and passed on, leaving behind an enormous bearded man lying stark upon the bank, muddled and bruised, just as he had been drawn from the water, with

His Powerful Arm Half Raked over his head, as if to ward off, even in death, the blow that had reddened his forehead and taken from his strong limbs their cunning to do and to save. The hundreds passed another by almost indifferently. His was not the face nor his the form they looked for and feared to see. They wished first to greet the living, and then to weep for the dead.

A general hospital, it seemed, had been made of Morrellville, and it was there many survivors waited for their friends. Weeping women met strong men who told, with averted eyes, of some dear one lost or missing, or a thousand fearful glances cast toward the deathhouses or down the long line of road in anticipation of another, and still another train car of dead. Side by side they lay, in silent, dreadful horror, and all covered about the face and head, for always was seen there

The Cruel Red Scar while the unbound silken tresses of the women, drenched with water and whitened with sand, swept or were pitifully thrown across their poor bearded faces to hide the scars even more severely from the idle or the curious. Then the meeting of survivors and friends. Each had a tale to tell, so sad, so eloquent, that a stranger could not turn away and stop his ears to the broken exclamations, "John, poor John, don't ask," "Yes, father and mother both gone," "Bob is saved, but—," "Drowned before my eyes," "My God, don't," and so from bad to worse and worse and worse, and it seemed as if more were lost than found, and even death could not give that woman her look as she moaned, "I don't know yet, I don't know yet."

In the Terrible Valley of Death. The nearer we approached that horrible valley of death the higher and higher rose the figures of destruction, until it seemed as if not the dead but the living should be counted. A hundred here. Three hundred there. Two thousand swept from that one street alone. When one speaks of the dead in bundles like that, when one ignores a score and speaks of bulk, mere bulk, in human life, it is not a blessing that stupefaction should ensue? Miles away from the scene it seemed as if 500 deaths were surely enough, but as body after body is drawn from the foetid river bed, it is not enough and figures heap up and up. A quivering workman points to a submerged field and says it is literally strewn with dead.

We turn the head and Cambria City is not there. We go on farther and a white-faced woman points to a blaze that sprang in sight and says hundreds are burning there.

The Doomed City in Sight. But a few steps more, and the doomed city is in sight. Overhead nerves weaken and hearts are broken at the very glance. Five, ten, fifteen thousand people drowned, if one; for the wonder is not that so many were drowned, but that so many were saved.

Thousands of poor men, women and children swept away in a moment, to die, if luckily they could, by injury; or worse, to fight and fight the fierce current, to struggle and pray and weep, to have their hands torn and limbs bruised by hurrying timbers, to sink and rise, and sink again in a mad whirl of angry waters, to battle bravely, despairingly, for a life precious to the last, and then the bitter end, where exhausted nature can do no more, and the poor, tired arms are thrown up plaintively to a high heaven that answers not, to a God that gives no sign, and then down—down.

Just one name now that brings with it a peculiar sadness, though perhaps because it was so well known, and so dear to many—Nannie Elder. Young and strangely beautiful, and the most womanly woman of them all. She was well known here and in Philadelphia, but with a thousand friends at that awful moment there was not one to save. Her sister Jennie she disappeared, with her mother, from their sight, as quietly as in a dream. She made no sign, and gave no cry, and reluctant indeed must have been the torrent that dragged out her sweet young life, sorrowing indeed the angel that bore her pure soul to heaven. She was too beautiful to perish thus.

Only One Case of Thousands. Still, this is but one out of ten thousand, alas, perhaps more, and of what use is it to speak of one when so many, many have gone. Let us speak of Johnstown, and a scene that cannot be forgotten. Just as we reach the place the distressing groups to the right or left, huddled together in misery unutterable, are found to be the poorer families who have lost all, and are camped under a cold sky. And worse still, they are not all there. Some one is missing, and perhaps two or three, and more. There are no tears here, and no weeping. They are far beyond that. They sit silent and stolid, not thinking, for their faculties were numbed; not speaking, for they had no thoughts to utter. Most certainly hundreds of survivors will die of the shock and exposure, and I need only to speak of one woman in these groups, for they seemed to be the most deeply stricken, and to speak of one describes all.

Naught Left to Live For. Each of us had carried a loaf of dry bread (all we had) from the train and the man had eagerly taken them and divided them among their famishing companions. A loaf was offered this poor woman, sitting silent and apart, but she never saw the friendly hand, never noticed the round wheaten loaf.

"Come, come, rouse up." "Why, I have no one. I have nothing left. I lost seven, with my husband." "But my God, woman, you must—," "God," said she stonily. "Where is God?" and we turned away heartbroken. True, true, where was He when this awful thing happened.

Now to this submerged city of the dead, over the black, hanging like a pall, the black smoke from the funeral pyre of the blinding tomb of many dead, crushed and jammed together in acres of debris up against the stone bridge. People stood with glasses

turned to the blazing ruin, but the naked eye was enough; too much; for it showed

One Tall Blackened Form sitting bolt upright just near the bridge, and no one knows how many more were tangled in the enormous mass, and no one ever will, for the fire could not be extinguished, nor the bodies saved, though frequent cries led to the release of a whole family, before they were reached by the ugly flames.

At the southwestern edge of what was Johnstown, I climbed a high hill, rising abruptly from the river, and there also were distressed searchers, looking and looking for those who will never be found, and for whom even hope was long since abandoned, though they continued the dazed search, absolutely nothing. Half way around the hill, with Johnstown at my feet, for the first time the terrible silence of the city made its way to my almost numb senses. It was virtually a city deserted by the living and given up to the dead, and not one-half so horrible for what was seen, as for what was unseen beneath the turbid waters, still stealing in and out of the windows of the first floors, as if in sneaking search of perhaps some prey escaped.

A Melancholy Sound. Even while standing there almost breathless before the awful stillness of that great city, a melancholy peal came from a ruined church tower, a few subdued bells toll, and then there comes seething over the water a solemn sound. It is only the clock in the tower striking 12, but the moment, the occasion, and above all, the dreadful scene was too much for the sufferers and friends huddled about, and a thousand bowed heads and a thousand clasped hands showed the sound was in truth a funeral knell, over many ruined houses and broken hearts, and over many a friend and brother and sweetheart, not found, and never will be.

Can this scene be conceived? Can one struggling idea of it even be imagined? It

the water and debris in Johnstown and suburbs alone. Add to them the additional 200 or 300 corpses which floated from Johnstown down stream and are now lying at Nineveh, Florence, Sang Hollow and Boli-var, and you can get something tangible to base a guess at the total death list upon. After this is wired perhaps later dispatches will probably chronicle the recovery of scores more corpses.

How All Hope Has Fled. And so hope has fled. Instead of searching among the rescued for their missing relatives, people have consented to believe them dead. That has but one result. It forces all to admit that there must have been no less than 3,000 drowned, and that of the 10,000, which many people declare are still missing, very few will turn up alive. In view of these stubborn and appalling figures, which few outside people have refused to believe, no attempt has, or will be made to keep a tabulated mortality list.

Better work was accomplished to-day than ever before in the removal of debris from portions of some streets, and the consequent discovery of bodies. The reason of this was **The Entire Withdrawal of Water** from the heart of the city. That obstacle gone, men can go to work, but the worst part of it is that no human being with any degree of feeling about him can stick at such labor longer than a few hours.

Almost every foot of progress a laborer makes in the debris he comes across a dead man, woman or child. This occurs again and again. It soon becomes sickening. Now, if the reader will imagine Fifth avenue, between Liberty and Grant streets, jammed full of debris up to the third-story windows, all of Wood street in the same condition, and the whole length of Market street equally as bad, with Wylie avenue and all its side streets complete wrecks; imagine all this and then try and think that

Corpses Lie So Close Together under all that vast area of timber and drift

Off in one corner of the room lay three children on adjoining desks. "Smith" was a name pinned to each of the little waists. They were brothers, and the oldest was not more than 7 years old. All their faces were unscathed. Their skin was beautifully transparent, and on the countenances of each was

Dejected the Sweetest Smile. It was a strange circumstance. In that chamber of horrors, whenever a corpse is identified, it is immediately removed to the lavatory, laid upon a table, the muddy clothing all cut off and the body washed. The men and women who have sacrificed themselves for this revolting labor are among the noblest of Johnstown's heroes.

As proof positive that hundreds of corpses are still beneath the ruins, the owner of the John Thomas building, on Main street, assured me that 53 persons lie under the wreck of his property. Mr. Stonebreaker, who is in charge of the schoolhouse, says he has investigated and finds that John Fritz and his family of seven are still buried in his house on Railroad street. This is true of hundreds of houses in which the occupants perished.

The Dead in the Debris. A score of bodies will remain in the smoldering ruins of debris of the fire at the railroad bridge. Seven skeletons were taken from it this afternoon, and one woman was rescued alive, right near the last skeleton. Through the windows of Squire Fisher's soap factory are seen the bodies of himself, his wife and five children.

Efforts will be made to-morrow to recover 41 bodies known to be deposited under the ruins of the Harburt house. In the cellar of the Cogan building a dozen human forms can be seen in the water.

All last night Superintendent J. V. Patton, of the Baltimore and Ohio at Pittsburgh, sat at a temporary telegraph instrument, two miles south of Johnstown. After arriving there on his special locomotive he

who must be buried ere long, and the dead who are in the debris must be recovered as soon as possible or a fearful state of things will result.

A general foreman has been placed in charge of moving the debris, and there are a large number of foremen at work through the town, with gangs of men.

All the Men Will Be Paid. President Moxham will open the Savings Bank to-morrow, and the National Bank later, and the financial work will be done at these places, all money being received and paid out at them. A committee on general information is to be appointed.

A. N. Hart is in command of the police on guard. Deputy Sheriff Young is at work under President Moxham, and administering the oath to them. The guards were stationed at various points to-day and were being doubled toward night. It is feared that some one may inadvertently set fire to the debris, and a man who goes out thereon with a lighted pipe or cigar in his mouth is made to put it out right away. A man who should light a match near where the wreckage is piled is in danger of being instantly shot by some guard, many of whom are very much wrought up on that.

The Precautions Against Fire. The fire department gathered itself together late in the afternoon, and reorganized. Some of the fire plugs have been examined and have been found all right, and a quantity of hose has been recovered. One hundred firemen, or more, were stationed through the town as a guard. The local militia company is doing guard duty, and other militia are expected. Governor Beaver has been urged to order companies here, and parts of the Sixteenth and Fourteenth Regiments would be very acceptable.

General Hastings arrived here this morning and established headquarters at the Hennessy Thania Depot. He took an active part in the direction of affairs and says that to-morrow every man in Johnstown must go to work on the debris and that every man who enters the town will be put to work.

What is left of the town is now virtually under martial law, and the rules will become stricter rather than more lax. President Moxham has been acting as dictator. His headquarters are in a small room on first floor of the Fourth Ward Hotel and there is

A Strong Continually Coming and Going. His stenographer and typewriter is at his side, and messages are being continually dictated to him. The general staff are located in an addition to the same building, in which the general public is received. A long line of people is continually filing in and out. No one is allowed to go by the guards without a pass, and everybody must go to the headquarters for these.

Across the street is the place where provisions are given out. The arrivals from Pittsburgh to-day were most welcome. The remaining grocery stores are bare of food, and many have been going hungry to-day. When wagonloads of provisions reached the uncompleted building from which they were given out it was at once

Surrounded by a Large Crowd. The news spread rapidly, and this afternoon the street in front of it was almost impassable. Women with baskets on their arms formed the bulk of the gathering. There were some children, and very few men. Everybody looked happy at the prospect of being supplied with something to eat.

L. E. STOFFEL.
ROBT. SIMPSON.

FIENDS IN HUMAN FORM.

Wretches Caught Plundering and Mutilating the Dead—Four of Them Are Driven Into the River and Drown—Three Are Lynched.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.] JOHNSTOWN, June 2.—The way of the transgressor in the desolated valley of the Conemaugh is hard, indeed. Each hour reveals some new and horrible story of suffering and outrage, and every succeeding hour brings new and swift and merited punishment meted out to the fiends who have dared to desecrate the stiff and mangled corpses in the city of the dead, and torture the already half-crazed victims of the cruellest of modern catastrophes. As the roads to the lands round about are opened tales of almost indescribable horror come to light, and deeds of the vilest nature perpetrated in the darkness of the night are reported.

Just as the shadows began to fall upon the earth last evening a party of 13 Hungarians was notified, stealthily picking their way along the banks of the Conemaugh toward Sang Hollow. Suspicious of their purpose, several farmers armed themselves and started in pursuit.

Plundering the Dead. Soon their most horrible fears were realized. The Hungarians were out for plunder. Lying upon the shore they came upon the dead and mangled body of a woman, upon whose person there were a number of trinkets of jewelry and two diamond rings. In their efforts to secure the plunder, the Hungarians got into a squabble, during which one of their number severed the finger upon which were the rings and started on a run with his fearful prize.

The revolting nature of the deed so wrought upon the pursuing farmers, who by this time were close at hand, that they gave immediate chase. Some of the Hungarians showed fight, but being outnumbered, were compelled to flee for their lives. Nine of the brutes escaped, but four were literally driven into the surging river and to their death. The human monster whose atrocious act has been described was among the number of involuntary victims.

Another incident of even greater moment has just been brought to my notice. At 8:30 o'clock this morning an old railroad worker, who had walked from Sang Hollow, stepped up to a number of men who were congregated on the platform of the station at Carrawville and said:

Vengeance Is Swift. "Gentlemen, had I a shot gun with me a half an hour ago, I would now be a murderer, yet with no four of ever having to suffer for my crime. Two miles below here I watched three men going along the banks stealing jewels from the dead wives and daughters of men who have been robbed of all they hold dear on earth."

He had no sooner finished the last sentence than five burly men, with looks of terrible determination written on their faces, were on their way to the scene of plunder, and with a coil of rope over his shoulder and another with a revolver in his hand. In 20 minutes, so it is related, they had overtaken two of their victims, who were then in the act of cutting pieces from the ears, and fingers from the hands of the bodies of two dead women. With revolver leveled at the soundless leader of the posse shouted:

"Throw up your hands or I'll shoot your heads off."

Two Villains Lynched. With blanched faces and trembling forms they obeyed the order and begged mercy. They were searched, and their pockets were emptied of their plunder, the indignation of the crowd intensifying, and when the bloody finger of an instant snatched with two tiny gold rings, was found in the leader's pockets, a cry went up to lynch them.

Without a moment's delay ropes were



View of Driftwood on Track at Sang Hollow—The Reason Why the Train Didn't Go Any Further.

thrown around their necks and they were dangling to the limbs of a tree, in the branches of which, an hour before, was entangled the bodies of a dead father and son. After an expiration of half an hour ropes were cut and the bodies lowered and carried to the morgue in a wagon on the hill above. It is hinted that an Allegheny county official was one of the most prominent actors in this tragedy of justifiable homicide.

FRANK.

SOLDIERS TO THE SCENE.

Progress of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Train With the Washington Express on Board—Anxious Inquiries Along the Route—Supervisor Foley's Story.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.] MCKEESPORT, June 2.—The Baltimore and Ohio is doing grandly for the sufferers. Superintendent Patton was early on the ground and soon had the washed out portions of the road repaired. The road into the city has been opened since Saturday afternoon. All the towns along the route are contributing provisions and engines are taking the loads to the afflicted city. A car of eatables was put on the special train at McKeesport and West Newton. Loads of provisions have been sent from Cumberland, Meyersdale and other towns. Another special with eatables left Pittsburgh to-night.

There is a great demand for all. The people are in darkness, and like the afflicted virgins are crying for oil. The Washington Express has already shipped a carload and they are sending more. Supervisor Foley, of the Somerset and Cambria branch, the man who entered Johnstown after the flood, has walked over 15 miles to get there. He found heavy freight trains on the B. & O. carried off the tracks and lodged in the cemetery a mile away. In the date at Conemaugh 21 engines have been counted under the sea and destroyed. Mr. Foley estimates the loss of life at 3,000.

Braddock Adds Her Mite. Braddock sent a car of coffins and two carloads of provisions, returning from Somerset. Salisbury raised \$200 in money and shipped a car of eatables. All the extra coaches of the Baltimore and Ohio are on the Somerset and Cambria branch. Many of the people living along the road in this section have fled to the city and they are frantic to get there to relieve their loved ones. The train that entered Johnstown after the flood, has walked over 15 miles to get there. He found heavy freight trains on the B. & O. carried off the tracks and lodged in the cemetery a mile away. In the date at Conemaugh 21 engines have been counted under the sea and destroyed. Mr. Foley estimates the loss of life at 3,000.

Progress of the Train. At CONNELLSVILLE The excitement in the little town along the road is great. The people know in advance that a special train is en route from Pittsburgh and they are waiting for large crowds are collected. At West Newton the citizens had been working all morning gathering money and food. About 100 men are today on the road, with flour, vegetables and other food products. Just as the train was leaving a farmer arrived with a wagon load, but it will be put on the next one following.

The sight of the soldiers catches the people, "it reminds me of the old war times," said a lady at West Newton. "It seems as if those disastrous days are being repeated." The inclinations of anxious people for friends, relatives and neighbors are numerous, and all the information they can get is today being passed on to the Cambria and Somerset branch, had a unique as well as tough experience. He was the first to enter the city after the flood. He succeeded in getting on to the roof of the hotel, where he stayed all night. A mule came to the door and he was told that the mule was the animal that saved him all night, until the house was rescued, and it was at Connelleville.

Nobody Yet Lynched, But Will Be. At OHIO FOLEY At Connelleville Sheriff McCandless is returning from the scene of the wreck. The sheriff said it was not true that a man had been hanged for robbing bodies. The crowd rushed around the fellow, who was a Hungarian, and attacked him, but the better class prevented any such proceeding. Sheriff McCandless said:

"The man was not hanged but somebody will be before this affair is over. If the robbing of bodies is continued. The place is full of toughs and thieves and the worst kind of men, stealing whatever they can lay their hands on. The wreck is horrible. What is needed at once is the militia and police protection. Contractors should be located there with gangs of 50 men each under them to systematically clear away the debris and get the bodies out as fast as possible. I am told they now have 34 corpses from the Indiana side of the river at Nineveh. Bodies are being taken out at all points and at every hour."

S. U. Trent, Esq., was also seen at Connelleville, having returned from Somerset. "I was not at Johnstown," he said, "but I saw enough people at Somerset who had been in the flood. The disaster is too horrible to talk about."

Jack Crofford, the postmaster at Somerset, has a time when he was on the street in Johnstown when the rush of waters occurred. In some manner, he does not know how, he was carried into the Merchants Hotel, where he remained until the water subsided, and he was rescued.

BEAVER ON HIS WAY. The Governor is kept from Harrisburg by the Condition of the Railroads—Adjutant General Hastings is at Johnstown—No Military Yet Ordered Out.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.] HARRISBURG, June 2.—Governor Beaver arrived at York this evening on his way to this city to contribute to the comfort of the distressed people of Johnstown. Not being able to obtain railroad transportation he continued on Sixth Page.

IT'S A WANTS
Of any kind can best be
satisfied by advertising in
the columns of THE DIS-
PATCH.
SPLENDID
MEDIUM.
THREE CENTS

IT WAS THE DAM

Unger, President of the Club, at South Fork, Says So.

A FRIGHTFUL STORY

Of Horrors Worse Than Yet Dreamed of, Told by Sheriff McCandless.

A FATED TRAIN INDEED.

P. R. R. People Admit One Car-Load Perished, but None Are at Ebensburg.

CHURCHES RAISED \$15,000,

While the Regular Relief Committee's Fund Grows to Over \$86,000.

RARE INCIDENTS AT HOME.

The Military Off for the Scene of Suffering—A Nightly Bay Day at the Chamber of Commerce—Old City Hall Also Full of Baited and Business Worthy of a Sabbath Day—Chats and Scenes Such as Even War Times Did Not Duplicate in Some Respects.

Mr. Charles J. Clarke returned yesterday from his trip to the Conemaugh valley without obtaining any information of his missing son. Mr. Clarke was seen by a DISPATCH reporter at his home last night, and said:

"I was unable to get any farther than Sang Hollow and returned home, and to-day my older son, in company with a young friend, started for the scene of the disaster, determined not to stop until they know all that can be known."

"I received definite word to-day from Colonel E. J. Unger, president of the fishing club and now at South Fork, that the dam had actually gone, though we had all supposed and hoped it couldn't be true."

"Several rumors came to me to-day that my boy was safe. One came in the shape of a dispatch, purporting to be from my son at Ebensburg. This proves to be baseless."

At 10 o'clock last night Mr. Clarke knew nothing definite of his son's safety.

A Marvelous Official Report.

A carload of refugees from Johnstown came into the Baltimore and Ohio depot at 9:30 last night. There were nearly 75 of them, men, women and children, and every one of them bore unmistakable marks of the frightful ordeal they had passed, on their faces, and their tattered stained clothing.

Among them was a party of Pittsburghers who were returning from the horrible scene, which they had visited in the interest of humanity. The well-known faces of such men as Sheriff Alexander McCandless, Postmaster-to-be McKean, and Joe Brown were hard to recognize. Not only were they covered with mud, and their clothing disordered, but their faces had a look of horror plainly stamped upon them.

"No man can possibly grasp the horror of what we have seen," said Sheriff McCandless to a DISPATCH reporter, "and not one-half of the hideous enormity of the disaster has been told yet."

Mostly Underestimated. "The newspapers have underestimated the loss of life. Nearly 10,000 have lost their lives. We were burying bodies all this morning, and the supply of coffins ran out. Rough boxes made on the ground were used. Probably by this time the supply of coffins from Pittsburgh will have reached Johnstown. But before I say another word there are two things that Pittsburgh must understand at once. First, three or four regiments of militia are needed at once. Without an hour's delay they ought to be sent. Adjutant General Hastings is in favor of calling the troops out, but he has his hands so full of other things—the building of the pontoon bridge for the Pennsylvania Railroad and the relief of the living—that he has not yet sent for the troops to guard the dam and make the Hungarians and other villains disgorge their plunder. The soldiers will have to search the houses."

"Secondly, at least four or five skillful contractors should be sent to Johnstown with 500 men apiece to clear away the debris and get the bodies out that are there. Not only human remains, but hundreds of horses also. Nothing men under the disaster. Prior of water, I source supply hang wails peril